

# BANNER OF PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

NO. 48.

## LITERARY.

### Song of the Sabbatarian.

Go, barricade the rivers up,  
And padlock down the rail;  
We'll have no train on Sunday run—  
We'll have no steamer sail.  
Go, tell the sailor on the sea,  
To make his canvas fast,  
And trust the mercy of the waves  
Till Sabbath shall be past.  
Command the sun to stand in his course,  
Forbid the winds to blow,  
And tell the flowers they shall not bloom,  
The trees they shall not grow;  
The little wild bird shall not sing,  
The lambskins shall not play,  
The cattle shall all silent be—  
It is the Sabbath day.  
And order yonder reprobate  
That struts along the road,  
To turn at once from sinful ways,  
And seek the house of God.  
What need hath he of light and air?  
Go, bid him fast and pray,  
And put a mournful visage on—  
It is the Sabbath day.  
And tell the cook, when you are down,  
At four o'clock we dine;  
And, as we'll have some company,  
To lay the cloth at nine;  
And call at number twenty-six,  
And say to Mr. Brown,  
That after dinner we will drive  
A few miles out of town.  
But first run for my letters, John,  
And bring them quick to hand,  
That I may see before I go  
How all the week stand;  
For, if I did not watch them well,  
I'd soon be in the lurch;  
And then bring round the carriage, John,  
And we will drive to church.

### ISADORE,

#### THE BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DUGALL.

[CONTINUED.]

It seemed hours—ages—while that train was passing; meanwhile I trembled, for fear the loud throbbing of my heart would be heard. No sooner had the last light step flitted away, than I sprang into the passage; and there, on a white block of the mosaic pavement, as if to show the fairer, lay the fragrant offering. I clasped it to my breast! I cover it with kisses! Mine, still mine! More than ever my own! O, most beautiful Isadore!

But in the long train of girls, while all the others walk two or three together, hand in hand, she walks alone; I observe those nearest press back and forward, as if striving to keep at a distance from her. Is this insult, punishment, or disgrace? O, my Isadore!

But in my ecstasy I forget. They all go to the Louvre to-day! So I leaped by their chatter, as they passed along. Will my Isadore be among them? Gracious God! What a question! Life or death seems to hang on it! I fly to find her.

Evening—I have seen her again. I was there when she came. Her transports were so delicious—to me as well as to her—I could not choose but witness them. At once she seemed almost delirious, running from one picture to another, wholly regardless of remonstrances from her vexed duenna.

At length Raphael's Holy Family absorbed her whole attention; and in studying it she grew calm. The exquisite joy that beamed in the sweet face of the young Mother, sublimed by a faith that seemed to have caught in its expression a shadow of the future glory, almost made the picture luminous with its outbeaming light. With the simple and childlike reverence of her nature, Isadore bowed down before it, not less in adoration of the divine Beauty it embodied, than of the Holy Madonna; and with her clasped hands raised she contemplated the picture through her streaming tears. She appeared wholly unconscious of the crowds that surrounded her, and as much at home with the picture as if she had found it in one of the fair solitudes of her own beautiful land. The charming *naïvete*, as well as the devout worship of the lively enthusiast, were so innocent—so sacred—I dared not disturb her by an earthly thought. She was not less lovely and picturesque than the picture itself. From where I stood only the outline of her delicate form could be seen, with the fine head so devoutly turning upward, and the fair arms so worshipfully raised. Moved at length by irresistible attraction, I passed out of the recess and stood directly behind her. She turned. The Madonna, the crowded gallery, all faded from her view; and Isadore, almost shrieking as she came, sprang into my open arms.

Just at this moment the Padre also arrived; and fortunately it was some time before the vigilant duenna came back; for she had been beguiled away from her duty by the apparent absorption of her charge. Then my Isadore was hurried away; but with the sudden re-illumination of that young rose-light, her path cannot now be all dark.

And in what condition, you ask, after all these struggles, do I find my Beautiful? Though I could not have believed it, she has grown in loveliness, as in stature. While she has lost nothing of the fairness and frankness of her early girlhood, the physical beauty of the woman, chastened as she has been by suffering, is exalted to an expression of the loveliest in hue and outline, the purest and tenderest in sentiment and feeling, the deepest and highest in thought and character.

JUNE 30.—Alas for me! My Isadore is lost again! I can learn nothing of her. The Padre has called repeatedly at the school in the Rue St. Honoré, hoping to see Madame Montresse, while I have loitered for a whole week in the Champs Elysées, near by. This, too, was ill advised. There should have been a third person to have done this. I had proposed taking her directly from the Louvre, which, with the help of the Brazilian Consul, who was near at hand, we might easily have done. But the Padre thought it

better policy to proceed more quietly. Bitterly now do we both regret it.

JULY 12.—The school is broken up; and the house is left without a tenant; and my hopes are for the present vain, otherwise than as they enable me still to work. We catch now and then floating rumors of a beautiful young girl, late a pupil of Madame Montresse, who has been committed to prison for some high crime. The accounts are vague and shadowy. Madame Montresse, who is undoubtedly an accomplice of Uncle, has disappeared.

The Padre this morning fell in with a gentleman from New Orleans, of whom we learnt something that fills us with new alarms. Madame Montresse is no other than Madame Lalorne, is the foul murderer of whom I wrote some months ago. Worthy are they—she and the villainous Winsop—to work together. But where is our Isadore? I cannot tell now, I am sure; but something sustains me; and it seems to me now, in this apparently most hopeless time, that I am drawing nearer to the goal. The whole atmosphere thrills with her influence. I feel the invisible rays emanating from her. They reach, they penetrate, they inspire me.

Hurriedly I must now bid you adieu, in order to send this by the departing steamer.

Yours, truly,  
ALONZO DE MEDICI.

### Extract of a Letter from Alonzo.

RUE ST. HONORÉ, JULY 28.  
DEAR MADAME:—We have heard directly from Isadore. She is in the Convent of St. Michael. The Padre has gone there, but knows not whether he can effect an interview, as the inmates are, for the most part, prisoners, under sentence of punishment for real or imputed crimes. We obtained this intelligence from the faithful Lizette, who has also found employment there, that she might the more easily report to us. She has not spoken to Isadore, as yet; but, wonderful to relate, she has brought me what seems to be a continuation of her journal, or history, taken up precisely at the moment when I lost sight of her. It was procured by an excellent friend who accompanies the forlorn girl, by the name of Jeannette. Ah! much I fear poor Isadore will be cruelly frightened at the loss of it, unless we can free her before she misses the precious papers. Alternately I thrill and shudder as I read; and your kind heart, dear Madame, will, I know, be affected likewise.

Thus it runs:  
JUNE 22.—O, I have seen him! How should I could I write anything else? I have seen him! I have found my Alonzo! I am this moment summoned to Madame Montresse. She is probably going to punish me for ill behavior at the Louvre. One thing I whisper to myself: She can't crush this new light out.

I have just returned. Madame only reproved me very gently, and did not chide me in the least. I was so much overcome by it, that I embraced her. Her goodness was so unexpected that I was quite carried away by it. But I thought she was confused, and even chagrined by my enthusiasm. I believe she is afraid that the Padre will take me away and marry me to Alonzo. Will they try to do this? I cannot surmise; but I rest in their love. How sweet it is! Madame Montresse showed us a very beautiful medal to-day, said to have been an original head of Julius Cæsar, and found in Pompeii. I was in raptures, and tried to purchase it.

CONVENT ST. MICHAEL'S, JUNE 24.—I am bewildered with the suddenness, the terror of the change that has come upon me. I can scarcely write, and yet I must; for this history is sacred to my love. It is my most imperative duty to record all that happens to me; and if the dear ones never find me, some loving breath of chance, or Providence, may wait to them the story of my losses and my wrongs, may tell them how I lived, loved, suffered, and tried to be true.

Yesterday I was brought here a prisoner, accused of theft; and I know not what else they intend to do with me. The medal I had admired so much was put into one of my trunks. I was accused of stealing it, and convicted before the whole school. A police officer brought me here.

The next day after the medal was shown us, all the young ladies were summoned into the presence of Madame M., who, to our utter dismay, informed us that her beautiful medallion was lost.

"Now," said she, "as a mere matter of form—just to admonish the servants, some one of whom has, doubtless, stolen it—you will all consent to have your several rooms and wardrobes searched."

The keys were instantly produced; but how, or why, I cannot tell; I was strangely affected. I saw that my confusion was observed, and felt that they all suspected me. While Madame M. was gone, they all spoke together in low tones with strange, dark looks at me, until at length it seemed that the ten minutes would never come to an end; and I thought that I must fall lifeless in the midst. When we heard her steps descending the stairs, my heart throbbed so I could scarcely stand. The moment she entered I saw the pitfall that was prepared for me. Every breath was hushed, as she opened her hand, displaying the lost treasure.

"Now," said she, "one of you is guilty; and if you expect any mercy, confess without reserve." She fixed her evil eyes on me. The room swam round and became dark. I dropped into the seat, which I could not discern.

"You see I need not point out the guilty one. Officer, do your duty," I heard her say, and then I felt a tap on my arm.

I did not faint; I did not weep. My sight came back, and I grew strong. I knew there was some deadly plot, and was determined to defend myself. Rising from my chair I motioned the officer away, asking leave to speak a moment. Madame M. cried out: "Take her away!" But the officer, who looks too kind for his work, said: "Ah, Madame! right is right; and let the young thing have her say."

I spoke to the young ladies. I told them of my orphanage, of my fortune, of my uncle and his wicked violation of my father's will.

At first Madame Montresse quivered with rage; for she is very violent; but when I accused her of being his accomplice, she trembled and turned pale, as if she had just that moment discovered her own guilt. She did not attempt to vindicate herself.

It seemed as if I was really inspired. I said all I should say, and just enough. The girls all gathered around me; we embraced; we kissed; we blessed each other. They lamented that this right understanding could not have been before. I said a few words, but dared not speak much to them. I was afraid that the tears would burst; and I was determined, if possible, to keep a hard and cold eye on that cruel and wicked woman.

But suddenly Jeannette came, pressing through the crowd that surrounded me, saying: "You shall not go alone, dear Isadore! The life your kindness has preserved shall now be devoted to you. Wherever you go, I will go; and whatever fortune awaits you, I will share. I will watch over you, and far as possible, protect you. I will work for you, beg for you, do anything for you, if you will only take me. I will be your friend, your servant, your sister, your mother, if I may only serve you. In this house of wickedness I will stay no longer, if I starve!"

This speech was followed by shouting and clapping of hands, with cordial expressions of delight and approval from the girls, all around.

I was overcome by this nobleness. In the arms of the good Jeannette I could only weep my thanks. And sobs, prayers, and blessings from those young hearts all responded to mine. They denounced Madame Montresse in unmeasured terms, and they all declared that they would not remain with her another day.

I was laden with souvenirs. Jewels, ribbons, pictures, gloves, were hurriedly torn off and thrown to me. And then they all came together round me, and all sought to clasp me at once, until it seemed as if I should suffocate with a grateful sense of their kindness. They besought my forgiveness; and when I attempted to go, they still clung around me.

Madame Montresse rallied, and spoke harshly to the officer; and how, I hardly know—we got away.

Strongly as I had fortified myself against fate, when I first came within the shadow of these grim walls, where so many lives are smouldering away in hopeless captivity, a chill struck to my heart; and the darkness lay hard and heavy on my soul. Even the bell that rung for our admission was like a voice from the sepulcher. I grasped the hand of Jeannette so hard, I was afraid I hurt it. An old, wrinkled, cowed visage came to the gate, demanding our business. The officer in a few words explained the matter, introducing Jeannette in a whisper. There is something curious in this, which she has not yet told me.

O, what a blessing it is that we have our cells adjoining! yet she is not a criminal. How is it? Think of it! What would become of me if I were alone? We were led away for miles, as it seemed, through these silent tomb-paths, where the glad light and the free breath of heaven never come. There live only the ministers of cruelty, and their poor victims.

Our attendant, who is one of the ugliest of the sisterhood, unless they are all hideous, has an eye so cold and hard, it seems to have grown stony, as if it had been fed by looking on the stones of all these rough and bare walls. There is no furniture in the cells except the narrow and ill-furnished couch of straw, and a crucifix wrought of the same rough, dark stone. A small altar is before the crucifix, on which a taper was set and lighted by the attendant. She told us in a voice gruff as the grating of the rusty hinges, it would last only a half hour, and proceeded to set the evening lessons for our devotions. We felt great relief when she withdrew, but dared not approach each other till our prayers were finished. O, how unnatural and burdensome this set formalism and imposed task of prayer is! But when I told her I did not wish to live any more, she fell on her knees, sobbing, weeping, and praying, all together. This brought me back; and I resolved to live in the light and strength which have never yet forsaken me. I could yet do some good; for I could comfort my poor friend.

Then I thought of the light that shines into our cell, through the four grim panes of a high and grated window. Poor and feeble as it is, what could I do without it? How could I write? How could I live? How could I support the intolerable torpor of idleness in the unchanging dark? How small my luxury is! yet, if I lost it, what a wide abyss of misery I should be plunged into! I believe—I know—that I shall triumph. This impression—this conviction—I cannot resist. It is so strong that, if I should swallow poison, I could not think it would harm me. It is written in characters of light on those black walls. It is a germ of never-dying hope, planted deep in the soul, and nourished by the deeper spring of faith in Right—faith in God—faith in myself—

which, amid all my anguish, has never yet been troubled. Sometimes I feel myself growing so strong, that the warfare gives me absolute pleasure. And then I almost hope myself worthy to share the crown of thorns, which the holy Jesus wore; and my triumph and joy are unspeakable.

I have just asked my Jeannette how she got admitted here. She says she is to prepare ice creams for the Abbess. But I question her more closely concerning her occupation of a prisoner's cell; and though unwilling to betray her generous secret, she is forced to admit that she made a feint of stealing, in order to come with me. Who shall say after this, most noble Jeannette! that there is no friendship? for has she not exchanged a comfortable room and fare, to bless me by her presence? Surely Heaven must and will reward her.

There are steps approaching. I am summoned to the Lady Abbess. Now God and his holy angels protect me!

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

One whose whole soul and being was in the work of various scientific pursuits, but chiefly at this period, 1840, engaged in archaeology, remarks that on again visiting Cairo in company with a valued friend and brother scientist—who had been with him to the second cataract and left for other duties—he spent an entire year in going over the ground of his former researches, in order to fully satisfy his own mind of the correctness of the work already furnished to the world, and the solidity of the foundation whereon rests the basis of "Egyptian monumental chronology." The conclusion arrived at was perfectly satisfactory to himself, and also to a host of savans who had examined carefully for themselves each step in the profound work before them. Since then much other labor has been bestowed in the same direction, all of which goes to prove the fallacy of harmonizing "Egyptian facts, geological, topographical, ethnological, hieroglyphical, and historical, with Archbishop Usher's system of patriarchal chronology."

He further remarks, that another friend and savan overlooked an extensive manuscript compilation, which occupied their time for months in the pleasant employment of gathering up facts and condensing particular subjects touching the veracity of revelation regarding the monuments known to hierologists up to 1841. He says that this manuscript is exceedingly "important as a ground text and manual to those who, like myself, are anxious to ascertain the stability of prior investigations, before hazarding the erection of a theoretical superstructure."

After a most patient and earnest survey of all the points involved, these gentlemen construct a tabulated form of their profound work, which it is inconvenient and perhaps unnecessary to place here, setting forth the different reigns, with the date of names and years reaching from and including the reign of the Shepherd Kings, 1200 years B. C., back towards the Thinites, and the reign of Menes, 2700 years B. C. It is proper to state here, that the fruit of the labor seen in this elaborate and complete table, is the result of the most profound research into every kind of monumental authority, giving, as most of these ancient waymarks do, undoubted evidence of reliability as to the accuracy of each dynasty enumerated.

"The reigns of Ptolemy, of Darius, of Cambyses, and of Tirhakah, are fixed by the Babylonian eclipses. Hophra and Shishank are fixed because they are mentioned in the Old Testament, since the length of the Jewish reigns, after Solomon, is well known, while those Jewish dates are themselves fixed by the earliest Babylonian eclipses in the reign of Tirhakah. Thus are fixed (by Mr. Sharpe) in the Table of Chronology the dynasties of Sais, Ethiopians, and Babastis. Petubastes lived in the first Olympiad; this fixes the dynasties of Tanis."

"Thus, king by king, and event by event, we ascend with precision back to Alexander the Great, B. C. 332; and thence through the XXXIst, XXXth, XXIXth, XXVIIIth, XXVIIth, XXVIth, XXVth, XXIVth, XXIIIrd Egyptian consecutive dynasties, back to Sheshonk, Shishak, founder of the XXIIIrd dynasty; who, conquering Jerusalem in the Vth year of King Rehoboam, (1 Kings xiv, 25; 2 Chron. xii, 2), as is hieroglyphically recorded in Karnak, enables us to establish a perfect synchronism between Egyptian and Judaic history at B. C. 971-3." "Prior to this date Egyptian monuments never once refer to the Hebrews, throw not a glimmer of light upon Jewish annals; and with Sheshonk also ceases the possibility of fixing any Pharaoh, to him anterior, within 5 or 10 years. Chronology, year by year, stops in fact at B. C. 972, as well in Israelitish as in Nilotic chronicles, although the foundation of Solomon's temple cannot be far removed from B. C. 1000."

In 1845, Chevallier Christian Bunsen, who had continued earnestly searching among the ancient relics of Egypt, claimed a much more extended period for Egypt's first Pharaoh, Menes; even back to 3643 B. C. The same author has since arrived at the conclusion that at least 20,000 years has ex-

pired since the advent of man's terrestrial existence. It will be seen, therefore, that geological investigation of Egypt is likely to furnish ample room for Plato's long disregarded assertion, put into the Greek mouth of a native Egyptian priest! "And the annals even of our own city (Sais) have been preserved 8,000 years in our sacred writings. I will briefly describe the laws and most illustrious actions of those States which have existed 9,000 years. And you will by observing discover that what have been painted and sculptured there (in Egypt) 10,000 years ago—and I say 10,000 years, not as a word, but a fact—are neither more beautiful nor more ugly than those turned out of hand at the present day, but are worked off according to the same art."

"In his romance of *Atlantis*, Plato makes the Egyptian priest say to Solon, that the Athenian commonwealth had been created first by Minerva; and one thousand years later she founded ours; and this government established amongst us dates, according to our sacred books, from eight thousand years." Referring to Henri Martin for annihilation of this Platonic myth as an *historical* document, the passage merely serves to display Plato's conception of the world's antiquity." His 10,000 years for man in Egypt are but the half of the 20,000 now required—23 centuries after Plato—by Bunsen, for the existence of mankind upon our planet's superficies; and thus, as I have long sustained, we have finally got beyond all Biblical or any other chronology."

It is altogether impossible for us to say how many thousands of years our planet has been the abiding place of man, or how long a period was consumed in the attainment of a definite language for speaking, to say nothing of the time necessary to reduce language to writing.

J. D. PIERSON.

## RELIGION.

"Our own earth's scenes I love to view;  
They show that God is kind and true  
To all that life possesses:  
For life itself is Duty,  
Extending through immensity—  
In all, the only entity  
Throughout the universe."

Religion is a theme which, like reform, has excited the minds of the thoughtful. With some, it is considered all-important; while others regard it as of value only as the butt of ridicule and jest. With one party, religion is the essence of all that is ennobling, holy, and free; with another, it is degrading, enslaving, and unworthy the attention of man. The philologist tries to discover a hidden meaning in the etymology of the word, and quote Cicero to show that the word is from *religendo*, practicing or reading over again all the duties belonging to the worship of the gods; or they perpetrate a Latin pun, and make it mean "to bind again."

Now, laying all quibbles aside, we all know what religion, in the generally accepted sense, means. We acknowledge that as religion which is written in the heart of man, which compels him to confess his dependence upon something outside of himself—the Infinite Unknown. Does it not spring from an unquenchable desire to penetrate the vast unknown without, and better understand the mystic unknown within? It seems so to me. This feeling does not depend upon Bibles or Churches for its existence, but the reverse; Bibles and Churches owe their origin and support to this innate principle of the mind. Destroy all the Bibles in the world; raze every church to the ground; blot out every vestige of religious form and ceremony—whether in the worship of Jehovah, Jove, or Juggernaut—still other forms of religion, like the fabled Phoenix, will arise from their ashes. Religion is as natural to the human soul as vegetation to the soil; and as the various parts of the earth have their respective fauna and flora, varying according to climate, soil, and altitude, so with the religion of the soul: it finds a varied expression from analogous causes. No one is devoid of religious feeling—not even the atheist. A man is skeptical or atheistic because he possesses this feeling; and the more earnest he is in infidelity, so called, or in atheism, the greater the evidence of this religious feeling existing in his heart. There are honest atheists—men who do not believe in God—who see no use for, or evidence of, His existence; men whose minds are so disciplined in philosophy, that the idea of a First Great Cause is to them an absurdity. But are they, on this account, the less devoted to the worship of the good, the true, and the beautiful? If they cannot look beyond Nature up to Nature's God, they find enough in Nature to satisfy the demands of the soul; or, if the word "soul" offends their ears, they may substitute for it their whole being. On an examination of the motives for atheism, they will, for the greater part, be found to exist in a fervent detestation of the false—in an unbending devotedness to truth, as the only thing sacred. When such minds perceive that man's ideas of God are as varied as the forms of his countenance—that whatever is called God is also known by some other name, or is incomprehensible to the mind—a conviction is forced upon them that the whole is the work of the imagination. Thus the atheist spurns the idea of bounding Infinity by a name, or circumscribing it by a creed. He, however, confesses his ignorance, and accepts the doc-



## The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

## A Materialist's Argument.

As a conclusive and positive proof against Spiritualism and in favor of Materialism, if a person is rendered insensible by a blow upon the head, or any other cause, while in that state he is utterly unconscious of everything—has no recollection of what has happened, any more than though he had never been born. The proofs of this are too strong to admit of contradiction. Now, if Spiritualism is true, where is the spirit at that time? and if present, why does it not manifest itself? If there is a spirit, would it not be impossible to render it insensible in this or any other way? "Will some" Materialist "please answer these questions in a clear, candid, and satisfactory manner?"

We shall answer the above in Yankee fashion, by asking a series of questions bearing upon the same points. If the unconsciousness produced by a blow upon the head is "a conclusive, positive proof against Spiritualism," or the doctrine of the independent existence of the spirit after the death of the body, is not the unconsciousness of natural sleep "a conclusive, positive proof" that the soul or spirit does not exist while the body is in that state? for, if it does, "where is the spirit at that time?" and why does it not manifest itself, if present? "If there is a spirit, would it not be impossible to render it insensible in this or any other way?" "Will some" Materialist "please answer these questions in a clear, candid, and satisfactory manner?"

In all candor, we must conclude that ordinary sleep is as valid an objection to a belief in the independent existence of the spirit as the appearance of death. And yet, in sleep, the spirit dreams, and, on waking, the memory of its dreams is sometimes startlingly vivid and real. During such times, the spirit is self-conscious, and realizes its existence independent of the body, which lies in a senseless, torpid condition, strikingly analogous with death. We have a right to think, therefore, that the final separation of the spirit from its earthly house is an introduction to even a more real and certain state of existence than is possible to it while in the body.

The inquiry of our Materialistic interrogator as to the manifestation of the spirit, "if present," is answered by the fact that, on the dissolution of the connection subsisting between soul and body, the latter is no longer a fit medium of communication for the spirit, and another medium must be sought in the person of one who still maintains life in the body. It is thus that disembodied spirits seek to communicate with surviving friends through the bodily organism of mediumistic persons, or those who are susceptible of impressions from spirits. Many are thus susceptible, without being aware of it. A sensitive, nervous physical organization, with quick spiritual perception, or an ability to understand the signification of symbols, both of language and forms, constitute the necessary qualifications for mediumship. To persons having these, disembodied spirits naturally gravitate, and are attracted sympathetically; and, through them, can manifest their presence and wishes, as well as their opinions, in the same way they formerly could through their own organisms. They obtain control, with the consent of the medium, of his nervous system, and, through that, control his muscular system, precisely by the same means which he himself makes use of to control it—namely, by the exercise of the will. When the spirit wishes to raise the medium's arm, he sends along his nerves the necessary power, accompanied by the desire to perform that act, and the arm is raised. The same process is gone through with in all acts that the spirit may wish to do through the medium's organism, even to speaking and writing. The medium is made to do the will of the spirit controlling his physical system. This control of spirits is more or less perfect, according to the development of the medium in spiritual perception, and in fine nervous sensibility, and also in proportion to his willing submission to the dictation or desire of the spirit communicating. Sometimes the medium submits so far as to become himself totally unconscious of external things, and his body is then fully under the control of the communicating spirit. The substitution of another's will for his own is then most complete. The spirit speaks with his vocal organs, and acts through all his faculties. The medium's own spirit sleeps, or is inactive. This state or condition of the medium is called a trance. There are all degrees of entrancement, and many varieties of spiritual inspiration while the medium is entranced. Good and evil-disposed spirits control and communicate, according to the preponderance of influence in their favor in the aggregate mind of the circle and the medium. The state of mind of both medium and circle may be judged by the character of the communications received; and that character varies in accordance with the different state or condition of their minds at different times. A circle of thieves would at one time attract only spirits of their own class; but at another, being in a different and better state of mind, they would attract a better class.

We have been thus particular and definite in our reply to the arguments of the Materialist, because we think that it is mainly owing to a want of apprehension of the methods of manifestation from the spirit world, that skeptics do not at once see the beauty and consistency of our philosophy, and its harmony with the operation of natural laws. We shall resume the subject in this connection at another time.

L. KENDALL.

## Sectarian Bigotry.

EDS. BANNER:—A certain orthodox minister, who occupies a pulpit not a thousand miles from Benicia, has seen fit to follow in the wake of Dr. Wadsworth, of this city, and is evidently much concerned, outwardly, because our most noble brother, Rev. Mr. Stebbins, sees fit to lecture, every Sunday evening, at the Metropolitan Theater, to crowded houses. The orthodox brother publicly admonishes his flock to beware during their visits to the city, and not go and listen to his "twiddle-twaddle." An intelligent lady, resident of Benicia, and member of his congregation, is our informant; and she added, "It would be well if he were *more* capable, and were competent to preach such twiddle-twaddle." What is it that so much alarms the lesser lights of that persuasion? They are but a "sect among sects," and common courtesy, if not decency, should certainly curb their rankling jealousy; but it would indeed be "casting pearls before swine" to attempt to teach them good manners.

DEATH must be one of two things—a continuance of existence under new circumstances, or positive and complete annihilation of substance. If the life beyond death be an improved existence, surely death is most desirable, as the passage to that better life; but if the future hold increase of evil, who would not rather desire the calm sleep of annihilation, wherein can be no pain, or sorrow, or need of anything?

Death, then, cannot be feared as a mere cessation of being; and looking to it as to a change, is it not far wiser to rejoice in the hope of possible good, than to rack our hearts with dread of equally uncertain evil?

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—*Boston Investigator.*

## The Bible.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinions of mankind; has banished idol worship; has abolished infanticide; has put down polygamy and divorce; exalted the condition of woman; raised the standard of public morality; created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home, and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtues?

The above is clipped from the *Pacific Gospel Herald*. We know not whether either of its editors wrote it, but it is worthy of their skill in polemics. It is a ridiculous piece of special pleading. In proof of this, it is only necessary to adduce the facts at this moment subsisting in the history of the world. In the first place, then, the marvelous changes in the opinions of men cannot be attributed to the influence of the literature of the Bible, but rather to the enlightenment of scientific investigation. Secondly, "idol worship"—by which is probably meant the substitution of the adoration of material images for the spiritual worship of the Infinite Spirit—has been, not banished, but encouraged by a blind belief in the Scriptures; as witnesses the image-worship of the Catholic Church.

"Abolished infanticide" (!) While we still hear denunciations of the frequency of this crime even from clerical lips, and the evidences of its commission before birth are seen all around us in the shattered constitutions of misguided mothers, shall we be told that the Bible has "abolished" it? And, above all, can we believe that the influence of the Bible has in fact "put down polygamy and divorce," with the Mormons on one side and the records of our District Courts on the other? "Exalted the condition of woman," indeed! with the Rev. I. H. Kallach preaching from the Bible against Womanhood Suffrage, and quoting Paul as against the equality of the sexes! A pretty sort of exaltation the Bible interpreters of his kind would decree to woman! How much did he and his Bible exalt the wife of one of his parishioners at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts? "That blessed thing, a Christian home," where the sons of clergymen are reared, and become the greatest scoundrels in the community; and from which deacons' daughters elope through a window to the arms of waiting villains outside! "What sort of a book is this," that "the winds and waves of human passion" have been often stirred to their uttermost depths by its teachings, and clerical interpretations of them, than by all other influences combined? Religious wars and midnight massacres have been justified from the Bible; Polygamy is justified by the Bible; Slavery was supported by arguments drawn from the Bible; divorces were made at will by the heroes of the Bible; the women of the Bible were in slavery to their masters, and it is quoted against their enfranchisement at this late day; and the Bible may be resorted to for examples and in justification of every species of evil that afflicts mankind. Slavery, war, intemperance, polygamy, murder, suicide, theft, adultery, concubinage, and oppression of the weaker sex, were all practiced by "men after God's own heart," according to the Bible record; and many of the above social evils were justified and gloried in by their perpetrators. We say emphatically, that all progress has been made in science, literature, and morality, in spite of the Bible and its teachings, and in direct contravention of the wishes and example of its self-appointed interpreters, the clergy. The Bible and the clergy have ever been the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of all progress. Reforms in civil polity, in morals, in legal forms, and in religious ceremonies, have always found their sternest and most determined opponents in the clergy, and the greatest obstacle in the Bible. That book has been the Castle of Indolence in human history, and the clergy the ogres who have taken refuge from the world's work within it. The mission of reformers has been to liberate mankind from every chain, and to push on the car of progress, in every age; that of the clergy has been to restrain men of their natural liberty in every possible way, and to hinder progress at every step. They are the advocates of capital punishment; they were the upholders of imprisonment for debt. They are the opponents of Woman's enfranchisement; at least a large portion of them were the upholders of negro slavery. They ridicule the positive sciences whenever the latter conflict with the Bible; they imprisoned Galileo for declaring that the earth revolved around the sun, and thus contradicting the Bible, which states that on one occasion the sun "stood still." In short, the clergy and the Bible have been the fruitful source of a large portion of the misery of mankind; and the race has been blessed in the same ratio, whenever and wherever it has been able to free itself from their joint control.

A CANDID NOTICE FROM A SECULAR PAPER.—The Grass Valley Union contained lately the following fair notice:

LECTURE.—Dr. Todd, editor of the *Banner of Progress*, will lecture at Hamilton Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. His subject will be, "Death and the After Life." We doubt not that the lecture will be very entertaining, as Dr. Todd is a gentleman of acknowledged ability; and although he may not convince his hearers of the correctness of his views upon Spiritualism, he will at least give them much food for thought and discussion. The lecture will be free.

We certainly feel much obliged to the editor of the *Union* for the courtesy extended to us while in that enterprising and prosperous town. His gentlemanly behavior will be remembered by us with pleasure for a long time to come.

WE call the attention of our readers to the card of Mrs. Lena Clarke, clairvoyant test medium, in another column. We have been acquainted with the whole course of her development as a medium, and can say with confidence that she is reliable and conscientious.

BABBINGTONIAN INK.—We have received a sample of this writing ink, from the agents in this city, and can, after trial of it, recommend it as an easy-flowing, non-corrosive ink, acquiring a blue-black color on exposure to the light.

THE "OCCIDENT."—This is the name of a new Presbyterian organ, which is to be issued on the 3d of January, 1868. It is to be published by H. H. Bancroft & Co., a firm who pride themselves on excluding from their book-shelves every publication of a liberal and progressive character, and who exhibit the most narrow-minded bigotry toward all who do not subscribe to their religious creed. The prospectus of the proposed weekly contains the gist of the prayer of the Pharisee, in these words: "Our purpose is, to make it welcome among all classes of people, except the *haters of good order, and virtue, and religion.*" Jesus of Nazareth, on the contrary, said that he "came not to call the righteous, but *sinner*s, to repentance." It is also written that the common people "heard him gladly." In other words, the sinners welcomed him, while the rigidly righteous kept aloof from and contemned him; whereas the Presbyterian publishers of the *Occident* propose to keep aloof from the sinners, but to cultivate support and welcome from their own set—namely, the righteous. Further on, however, the publishers have the impudence to ask "the patronage of *all* classes." How they expect to secure the patronage of the sinners, after calling them such hard names, we cannot imagine. Only people of dogged natures love to be abused, and will lick the hand that strikes. We wonder what these sin-hating gentry will have to say in regard to the many criminal cases among the clergy, now occurring all over the country, wherein the natural man appears to be getting the better of the artificial being created by religionists.

While we think of it, we will mention that A. Roman & Co. keep upon their shelves all the most enlightened literature of the day, including many scientific publications which would not be allowed a place in the alcoves of the Pharisaic publishers of the *Occident*.

"PIRGIM'S PROGRESS."—The Rev. Dr. Wythe, of Salem, Oregon, having "said his say" upon ancient and modern Spiritualism, has, by a natural transition, turned his attention to Bunyan's pious production, and is now giving lectures upon the peripatetic "Pilgrim." We hope he will be able to put his Christian on firmer ground than that on which the celebrated author often placed the hero of the "Progress." The latter is represented as having got into more difficulties than were met and overcome by the heroes and heroines of Spenser's "Faerie Queen." The story of the Pilgrim is purely factitious; no such experience is natural to men, but is invented and put forth by pietists as the usual accompaniment of a religious life, in order that the minds of the people may be kept in subjection to religious dogmas. The natural man is in no sense a pilgrim, but is gregarious and social; and, if not falsely taught and impressed by religious zealots, is a rejoicing and happy being, enjoying the life that God has given him in the society of his fellows, and without detriment to them. The character represented by Bunyan is repulsive to every natural feeling of the human heart. It was produced while the author was in jail, smarting under religious persecution. It carries within itself the influences of such a place, and reveals the morbid state of mind caused by imprisonment.

THE "GOLDEN CITY."—A rival to the *Golden Era*, bearing the above title, appeared on Sunday morning last, in this city; and from its appearance we judge that it will be a powerful competitor with the *Era*. Typographically, it is a very *emphatic-looking* sheet; and if its literary and editorial character should in future be "a success," as the French say, its career will be "a success," as the French also phrase it. The *Golden City* is published by the original founders of the *Golden Era*, the brothers Ford, and G. B. Denmore, a writer of some vigor and independence.

THE CASE OF ELIAS HOWE JR., INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE.—The editor of the *Intelligencer*, at Seattle, W. T., is referred to the biography of that distinguished man, which we copy this week from the New York *Tribune*, for a confirmation of the fact of his remarkable recovery from dropsy through the ministrations of a clairvoyant, and his subsequent relapse by reason of careless exposure, which caused his death.

ELDER KNAPP, the revivalist, has arrived, and has held forth at the Baptist Church on Washington street. He goes immediately to Stockton, we understand; but whether to look after the salvation of the lunatics, whom his style of preaching has placed in the Asylum, we know not. In the next haul of "young converts," the Methodists assure their brethren, the Baptists, they (the Methodists) will not be "caught Knapping."

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Our Agents and subscribers will understand that all whose subscription shall be renewed before the commencement of the next volume, will be entitled to two copies for five dollars in coin, or, instead, to one copy and two of our pamphlets, at the regular subscription price. New subscribers can have the same privilege. After the 10th of January, these terms will be changed.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply those subscribers, whose files are not complete, with back numbers of the BANNER, until the commencement of the new volume in January; after which time we shall not be able to do so. Subscribers will please notify us of the numbers which they wish, and we will send them to their address.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "BANNER."—Only twenty-five copies are reserved for binding. Those who desire a copy must send in their names immediately, as the present volume will be filled in January.

DR. JAMES EDWARDS has taken rooms at 209 Kearny street, where he will treat patients for all forms of disease except those of a cutaneous and contagious character. See his advertisement in another column.

MADAME CLARA ANTONIA still continues to afford consultations to inquirers upon all the concerns of life, at No. 14 Geary street. We have had some remarkable tests from her, of a prophetic kind.

## Wendell Phillips on Womanhood Suffrage.

Let me say that if woman defended their right to the ballot as absurdly as men assail it, I think they would show almost to a demonstration that they were unfit to exercise the ballot. The only absolutely weak and worthless speech that I ever heard on that topic I heard from a man. You may call it a lecture, for men differ as to what a lecture is, and doubtless it is amusing; for I find no livelier entertainment anywhere than to see a third-rate man undertake to define and measure the capacity and the intellect of Madame de Staël, or Mary Somerville, or Harriet Martineau, or Florence Nightingale, or Lydia Maria Child.

Opposite my house is a large Newfoundland dog, perhaps a hundred pounds in weight; and now and then you will see a puppy, six inches long, attempt to impress the mammoth by his tiny bark. It always reminds me of a man who tries to show, by what he calls argument, that Madame de Staël had not brains enough to vote by his side. If any man come here, to judge from the exercises on this platform the relative strength of man's intellect and woman's, as a man, in behalf of the sex, I beg him not to take those efforts as a specimen of the masculine intellect. I never heard a discourse on this topic, from a woman, which did not look at it from a high and Christian standpoint. I never heard a discourse opposing it, from a man, that did not reveal inspiration from his animal nature. I never heard a discourse on this topic, from a woman, that did not do credit to her sex and to ours; and I never heard an argument against it that did not disgrace both. I never heard an essay on this topic, from a woman, which did not reveal at least her power to suggest, if not to teach an audience. Literally and soberly, and in measured phrase, I feel the right to say that I never heard an argument against it, from a man, that did not show him unfit to teach anybody anything.

## Two Dogmas Exposed.

According to the Apostles' Creed, Christ descended into hell between his death and resurrection; and, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, Christ said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Now, how could Christ be in hell and in Paradise at the same time, according to the Christian acceptance of these terms? never could comprehend why Christ should have gone to hell at all; nor could I ever find any scriptural authority for such an assertion.

These two statements, about Christ being in hell and in Paradise at the same time, do not harmonize very nicely;—the only way in which I can reconcile them is by inferring that Hell, Paradise, Hades, and Grave, mean one and the same thing, viz., *oblivion*.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Then I am to understand by this that there was really a beginning, and that before the beginning (excuse me, this is an extraordinary subject, and requires peculiar language to throw any light upon it) there was absolutely nothing. Of course not—no time, space, matter, nor existence of any kind,—no darkness nor light, no heat nor cold—in fact, *nothing*.

Now, Christianity desires us to acknowledge (without attempting to comprehend) the existence of a wonderful Being before the beginning—when there was no place for Him! and as the subject is so very lucid and clear, it must be easily comprehended by the "man in the moon" as by any other man!—Robert Bruce Neil, in the *Investigator*.

"HOLY TRINITY" steeple, in Brooklyn, has reached the height of 232 feet. It is to be forty-three feet higher, and will then be as tall as Trinity spire in New York, while the ground on which it stands is only eight feet higher than that of the New York Trinity. The expense of the spire, with repairs to the church, will be about \$60,000.—*Exchange*.

We wonder what the "Holy Trinity" itself thinks of this extravagant expenditure of money for a church spire. If Scripture may be quoted in this connection, we shall find that the second person of the "Trinity" had not where to lay his head while on earth, and never proposed to his disciples that they should build an edifice of any kind. On the contrary, he enjoined upon them to sell all that they had, and give to the poor. His pretended disciples, in these days, invest all their spare capital in a steeple. Their "holy trinity" is Selfishness, Bigotry, and Pride.

BROTHER TODD, of the *Banner of Progress*, is still hammering away on the Bible, but the brave old book holds out with astonishing fortitude. It is said that when Brother Todd used to be a Methodist preacher, he was an awful bible-thumper, and his exertions were a source of considerable annual revenue to the book-binder.—*American Unionist, Salem, Oregon*.

Brother Todd has not so much occasion to thump the Bible now as he has to cudgel the brains of the stupid asses who accept it as their guide into all truth. It is not the Bible that holds out with such fortitude against his herculean blows, but the thick skulls of the superstitious and ignorant. These he endeavors to penetrate with the point of the sword of Truth, that light may be let in upon their darkened souls.

An Ohio physician undertook to cure a lady of rheumatism in the hip, by blowing morphine into her veins. It affected the whole system, and went to the heart, causing death in a hour. It is said that the practice of old-school physicians, in their experiments upon the human physical system, is on a par with the poison of the doctors of old theology, who "blow" the poisonous doctrine (doctrines) into the minds of their hearers, which "affects the heart, causing (spiritual) death (or torpidity) in" a very short time.

The voices of the best choir singers in the New York city churches are nightly heard at the halls of negro minstrelsy. Watts' hymns on Sunday, Ethiope ballads on Monday.—*Exchange*.

We cannot see why one sort of singing may not be just as acceptable to God as another. If the power to sing comes from Him, and the ability to choose the style also, how can He be displeased at their exercise?

THE NEW YORK *Independent* has the largest circulation of any religious paper in the nation—70,000.

That is the progressive sheet which the Congregationalists, finding they could no longer control it, tried by resolution to kill. A pretty strong resolution will be required to offset that of the 70,000 subscribers who have made up their minds to sustain the paper.

THE Stockton *Gazette* last week published a remarkably independent and candid article upon the subject of Spiritualism. The *Gazette* is a very readable paper, and a fair one in more ways than one.

REV. DR. MICHLENBURG, who wrote "I would not Live Away," is contentedly going through his seventy-first year.

ELEVEN of the New York churches have boy choirs.

THE Good Templars number 400,000 in America.







